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The Penitent.

NIGHT'S deep shadows wrap each ivied tomb,
Chill dews of evening bathe the cots of death;
No sound, no glimmer rends the solemn gloom
Save the autumn's whispering dirge-like breath.

Darker than the somber, rising cloud
That dimly floats o'er midnight's dusky sky
Steals a figure through the kindly shroud
That veils the ground where parted mortals lie.

In falt'ring awe he bends unto the sod,
Lists a while to the willow's touching sighs,
Then falls, where lately fell the racking clod
Upon another fled to joy in sorrow's guise.

Sadder weep the willows round each storied stone
O'er the slumber of each weary brow;
List! a human heart's deep rending moan
Weirdly stirs each sadness-weighted bough.

Then wildly towards the distant shadowy dome
He flings his arms, in hope that sorrow have surcease,
Outstretched in longing for his far celestial home
His passioned calls float out upon the breeze.

"O God eternal! Thou who rul'st supreme,
Forgive! Have mercy on my wayward, sin-cursed soul!
My heart-blood cools! Oh! ere too late, a gleam!"
Another moan, and the soul has reached its goal.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

Some Reflections on Bryant.

"And Roslyn's woods be all atune
With birds that warble forth thy name
In Springtime's green, or Summer's sheen,
Or in the Autumn's tint of flame.
Sing forth his name, pour out his praise,
O woods, and streams, O birds and flowers!
Repeat, repeat his numbers sweet,
His love and fame are yours and ours."

FRANCIS BROWNE.

MY days of charming childhood were passed near Roslyn Hill, but its beauty did not reveal itself to me. In its distant haze of blue I considered it, in all simplicity, as the finis terrae, and its huge bluish-mantled tower was to me the north pole. But after the turbulent transition to manhood had been made, and intellectual friends replaced the scattered playmates of fairy days, Roslyn Hill had more fascination and attractiveness. With mingled conceit and enthusiasm I would now gaze, saying with Longfellow, "Away to the northward Blomidon rose and the forests old."

But thou art unique, O Hill, not for thy tower, nor thy elevation, nor thy steep winding paths, but because thy "forests old" and bewitching zephyrs have been photographed, as it were, and immortalized by the great American poet of nature, Bryant, who lived at thy feet. Thou art now not only the delight of a few, but thy sweet scenery charms the intellectual vision of all America. Even in frozen Alaska, or sterile Arizona, I can see thee, feel thee, and enjoy thee, with the works

of Bryant in hand. Thy birds, O woody Heights! sing even in the Golden Gate, and they have flown across the waves. Thy flowers are "scattered like dust and leaves" "afar and unfenced o'er the plain;" and the breezes which thou did'st permit the bard to inhale, he has again breathed forth, until they are spread through every English clime.

Bryant was indeed a poet of nature, but he was distinctly more. He was the American poet of American nature. "His writings are imbued with the independent spirit and buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country", says Irving. He is one of the first and one of the most perennial flowers in the garden of American literature. He may be likened to the monthly rose blossoming at intervals, not in profusion and superabundance, but regularly bearing his precious blooms. His were no measly yellow roses but perfect teas of deepest maroon. The purple passiflora seems dull and homely when viewed from afar; Bryant seems heavy and worthless to the superficial. But as with the flower so with his poems: upon closer view and scrutiny the quiet hues multiply themselves into shades and colorings the most exquisite. This is especially true of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. Deep, solemn thoughts move in it; and seeds for meditation are scattered throughout. It is poetry, yes and no, plainest truth and richest poetry at once. No passages of Gray's *Elegy* so readily and straightway sink into the soul as those striking truths:

"Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould."

It is strange indeed that "The Hymn of Death" is not placed nearer to *Thanatopsis* by the critics. It is its sequel and nearly its equal. It is suggestive, true, interesting, and resembles the former in point of metre and the predominance of Saxon words. It is, however, a trifle categorical. The following passage of it is especially significant:

"When he
 Who gives his life to guilt, and laughs at all
 The laws that God or man has made, and round
 Hedges his seat with power, and shines in wealth,—
 Lifts up his Atheist front to scoff at Heaven,
 And celebrates his shame in open day,
 Thou, in the pride of all his crimes, cutt'st off
 The horrible example."

Whenever the bard soared into the realms of the sublime he chose blank verse, and rightly so, for however the assertion may be condemned, I hold that in English blank verse is the most desirable. Bryant stands as proof of this. His beautiful untrammelled blank verse contain all he felt, and has pleased, please, and will please for all time.

Bryant's poetry was not always deep, grave and melancholy; neither was he sad and without humor as many critics often maintained. He certainly had his light vein, but, according to his nat-

ure, used it sparingly. Not without a smile and chuckle can we read his lines "To a Mosquito", especially when he turns her away saying:

"Try some plump alderman and suck his blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly mead;
On well filled skins sleek as thy native mud
Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet;
Go to the men for whom in ocean's halls
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls."

But Bryant more often chooses sadness and pity as the underlying ideas of his shorter poems, as in the Indian Girl's Lament, Monument Mountain, and the Death of the Flowers. Or if they are not melancholy, they are always meditative and reflective; as in "A Walk at Sunset", "The Two Graves", and many others.

Bryant and Longfellow are difficult to parallel. Longfellow, it must be conceded, is more patriotic; and still Bryant is the more American. Bryant's muse occupies itself more with American scenery than with men. He saw only the charming vastness of American woodland; Longfellow, the clearing, and nestling calm of the pioneer. The boom of the patriots' cannon charmed Longfellow, but Bryant cherished the ring of the robin and the varied peals of the American warblers. Longfellow sung patriotism into children, Bryant (as editor) was for the citizen and soldier. A noble gush of Bryant's heartfelt and optimistic patriotism is the concluding stanza of "The Ages:"

"But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air

Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
 Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
 Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
 The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
 How happy, in thy lay, the sons of men shall dwell?"

As to quantity there is no comparison between the two great bards, but as to quality there certainly is. Bryant displayed genuine, creative genius. His poetry bubbles fresh from the soul. He seldom waited for instruction. He may be likened to a little, but pure, mountain spring, whilst Longfellow is a stream of mixed tributary waters.

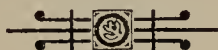
We have only considered Bryant as poet, and in that capacity our views may be perfectly optimistic except for the religion he reveals. In this regard he is another "Leather-stocking", who always called the woods his temple and the sky its vaults, and who moreover says: "I never knowed preaching come into a settlement, but it made game scarce and raised the price of gunpowder." Bryant resembles him as a man of natural religion, when he says:—

"Oh! why
 Should we in the world's riper years neglect
 God's sanctuaries, [the forests] and adore
 Only among the crowd and under roofs?"

Regarding his prose writings disparaging to the Church it is not our intention to criticize them here, having only considered him as poet; but we cannot refrain from paraphrasing Brutus, and say: "As he was fortunate (in poetry), I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, (as a great editor), I honor him; but as he was *bigoted*, I grow silent. It is to

be regretted that as editor Bryant was obliged to fritter away his powers, and was deprived of that leisure and quiet which are so needful to a poet and thinker. He may be classed among the many "Southey's" who sacrificed genius to the ephemeral. Bryant was forsooth a martyr, for as editor he offered up his genius to the common welfare, rather than focus it solely in some wonderful volume.

RAYMOND RATH, '06.



The Fatal Trip.

[T was eleven o'clock near Grady's gap,
In a station that swayed in the tempest's sweep,
Where the operator was taking a nap,
When a call from the mines put an end to his sleep;
And the words from the clicks his soul passed through,
For it said: "Send Duffy with Number Two."

Soon Duffy mounted the iron steed,
And the fire in the furnace glowed again;
The ponderous monster devoured its feed,
As she rolled from the side-track on to the main.

Out in the night where the snowflakes fell,
Out in the blast where the tempests roar—
Duffy shouted to his friends farewell,
As he opened the throttle valve one notch more.

And soon the sound of clanging steel
Was drowned in echoes from hill to hill;
He feels the engine sway and reel,
But he opens the throttle valve one notch still.

And the piston flashes in faster stroke,
And firm as a rock sits the old engineer;
Within that honest old heart of oak
There beats not the slightest pulse of fear.

And down the grade like a corsair's fleet,
Plunging through mountains of drifted snow,
The engine crashes through crusts of sleet
And hurls it a thousand feet below.

The ponderous masses that blocked its way,
Throwing them far to left and right—
Out in the black and oblivious night,
To reach the 'Mincs' by break of day.

But now brave Duffy feels a thrill,
That a soldier feels when he meets a foe;
He opens the throttle valve one notch still,
And the furnace burns with a fiercer glow.

But soon the engine is running slower,
Though her pathway lies on a level grade;
And then a tremor comes stealing o'er
Brave Duffy's hand, on the throttle laid.

There is a slacking up at the driving wheel,
While the engine struggles with human will;
And slowly ceases the clang of steel,
As the ponderous monster is standing still.

Thicker and faster the drifting snow
Throws around its victim a winding sheet,
And quenches the glare in the head-light glow;
And Duffy mutters: "I am beat!"

Next morning the snow-plow forced its way
To the spot where the buried engine lay;
They hewed a path through the frozen crust,
And then was the ghastly story told:
There sat Duffy beside his trust
With his hand on the throttle valve stiff and cold.

BERNARD RIFFIL, '10.

A Small Boy's Composition Book.

BEING a collector of antiques, I obtained permission to explore the attic of an old Indiana homestead, and there came across an aged copy-book, which I judged to have been the property of a boy of eight or nine years.

With regard to its size, there was nothing extraordinary. In its palmy days, the cover had been perhaps of a maroon or burnt sienna color, but since the rain had fallen upon it through a small chink in the roof, it was now of a pale yellow, while the legend "Student's Exercise Book" was scarcely traceable.

On the first page large chrome-colored blotches almost obliterate the heavy, boyish penmanship. We are here informed that the owner of this book is F. C. W., and that our fate on judgement day will be rather sad, if we dare to appropriate it. At the foot of the page we are again reminded that F. C. W. is the lawful owner, but this time in large ornamental capitals, in some kind of colored ink, presumably red. The page is still futher adorned with figures of men's and dog's heads in all the various stages of construction. There are large dogs, and small dogs, and medium sized dogs. There are old men minus hair and sometimes ears, and young men with most luxuriant mustaches, but the chief charm is a picture of the most amiable looking lion that ever trotted across a tropical plain. He could not have eaten anyone, though starving to death, so gentle does he appear.

On the second page is a composition setting forth the merits and demerits of the cat. On both sides of the title are discovered two of these felines which, from their posture, suggests the near proximity of their inveterate enemy, the dog, and not without reason, considering the preceding page. A detailed description of the different parts of the cat is accompanied by copious illustrations which, especially those of the paws, suggests elephantine proportions. This learned dissertation is concluded with the advice never to let a white cat cross your path, "because it ain't lucky." Two drawings are added to show the lamentable fate of a little boy who must have been overtaken by this calamity, for in the first picture there is the child and the cat. Fearing the possibility that the color of this particular cat might be mistaken, F. C. W. has painted all the background in black ink and on account of the many inadvertent slides of the brush, the poor cat is obliged to run about in a very ragged appearance (which served him just right for being the cause of bad luck). In the second sketch there is an upright coffin, but whether the little boy has died, or is going to die, is happily left to your own imagination.

A farmhouse surrounded by a rail fence holds the central position on page three. Above it are rolling clouds and a flight of swallows, a pleasing background. The ever present dog and cat, larger, by the way, than the house, are in the foreground.

The fourth page is devoted to a theme enti-

tled "Spring", and several other things. This subject occupies only half a page, which seems to indicate that F. C. W.'s convictions were not very firm on this point. However, the remaining space has not been permitted to remain unused, for we find two sums in addition and a problem in long division. Perhaps at the time "Spring" was written, F. C. W. was under one of those mental clouds which often overshadow us, for long division seems to have been a source for worriment, judging from the numerous erasures.

Capitalization according to the German method must have had its charms for F. C. W.; for most of the nouns, and even some verbs—with sorrow be it recorded—are written in flourishing capitals.

The whole copy-book evidences great diligence in the owner, for that worthy has made it the receptacle for almost everything it could possibly be used for, dried leaves, old postage stamps, data on coins, etc. etc., in fact a sort of storehouse for many of the odds and ends dear to the boyish heart.

Although my searches in that old house failed to reveal anything further of value, I felt and still feel well satisfied with my find of F. C. W.'s old copy-book.

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06.

A Short History of Polish Literature.

"Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
That's fan'd by Heaven to mock the tyrant's rage."

—Campbell.

POLISH Literature is not a creation of yesterday, though it is only within recent years that it has become widely known, principally through the works of Henryk Sienkiewicz. The student of history is aware of the fact that Poland and the Polish nation have played a very important part in the affairs of Europe for more than 1100 years. Before Germany and Russia became states, Poland had enjoyed independent existence for 200 years; hence it is as old as any other continental nation. Civilization came to it, however, only with the advent of Christianity in the 10th century. At the same time Polish literature took its rise, being in advance in this respect of all the other Slavonic nations, some of whom had received the blessings of Christianity and Civilization before her.

The dawn of Polish literature gave promise of a bright day. Among the Poles as well as among other nations, poetry preceded prose. The first epoch lasts from the introduction of Christianity, in 965, to the founding of the first Polish university in 1364. The first Catholic Polish bard is St. Adalbert (999), author of an extremely well-written work "The Mother of God," which is yet extant in the original. Poland possessed at this

period a variety of popular characteristic traditions which present us with better ideas of old Slavonic ancestors than history or foreign documents could afford. They were collected and left as a precious inheritance to posterity.

The second period dates from the time when Poland extended her dominions from the Elbe to the Dnieper, and from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and through intercourse with other nations began to establish schools both for elementary and higher learning. This movement culminated in the founding of the university of Kracow. Polite literature was fostered and the joys and sorrows of the people echoed in verse. This epoch, lasting till the printing of the first Polish book in 1523, presents to us minds engaged in every department of learning. The first historical novelist, Marcin Gallus, immortalizes in his "Kadlubek" the happy reigns of Boleslaus the Great and Krzywousty. Jan Dlugosz, the father of Polish historians, wrote a history from the beginning of Poland to his own time. The happy progress of learning and culture was rudely checked by the Teutonic Order which, abusing its mission for the christianization of the people of the northern provinces, reduced them to subjection, and brought discord into the nation. It was however, no more than a thorn in the flesh, which the healthy and vigorous nation soon ejected. Once more free from foreign influence, it entered upon its Golden Era, which led to the founding of Jesuit schools in 1622. The reigns of the heroic Zygismunds were very favorable to the growth of letters. At

this time the Polish language appears to have reached its maturity; changes are hardly perceptible, so that even the humbler classes of today are able to read and understand the productions of that glorious period. Prose composition attained to great perfection, especially in oratory, which is remarkable for melody and flexibility and softness of cadence.

Jan Kochanowski, the prince of Polish poets, presents us with his Elegies, which must remain forever examples of the purest and tenderest pathos; equally popular are his "Szachy," "The Dismission of Greek Ambassadors" and "Songs." Many of the latter are of a religious character and are sung in Polish churches. Another illustrious character is Mikolaj Rej, renowned for his "The Steward of the Nobleman," and the "Mirror". This latter work reflects the life and work of the different classes into which the nation was divided, very faithfully. The glory of the school of oratory is undoubtedly Piotr Skarga, who is the author of no less than forty books of high literary merit. The greatest and most popular of them are "Parliamentary and Occasional Orations".

But as promising as the golden age of Polish literature was, dark clouds on the political horizon foreboded a change. Henceforth the nation was absorbed in the turmoils of civil and Swedish wars and in addition to it had to ward off Kossacks and Turks. The whole commonwealth lay prostrate at the mercy of so many foes. During a century and a quarter the literary spirit of the age struggled for life. This unhappy period ended with

the year 1750, when Konarski appeared with some works of a historic and didactic nature. Even during this period of mourning the national spirit was not extinguished, no more than at present, when Poland as an independent nation is no more, and her children are tyrannized over by their enemies. Its heroism, religious spirit, and intellectuality could not be completely checked. They manifested themselves pre-eminently in poetical works, "War of Chocim" and "New Merkuriusz" by Wacław Potocki. Other eminent literary men, who immortalized that age, were Jan Pasek and Ellzbieta Druzbacka. Towards the end the national spirit awoke to its former life. The Swedish power was crushed, and the Moslem tide forever cast back.

As if a heavy stone had been lifted from it, the nation bounded into the activities of the period of Konarski, which lasts till the founding of the romantic school in 1822. Konarski was the soul of this period, one that breathed life into every department of literature. His follower was Ignatius Krasicki, a satirical writer of great power, whose productions influenced Polish society profoundly. His "Lord Podstoli", in which he faithfully portrays the vices and virtues of former Polish generations, has found popularity with high and low. "Adventures of Doswiadczynski," "Myszeisz and Satires" enjoy an equally high standing. Out of a host of poets of this age must be mentioned Franciszek Karpiński and Paweł Wronicz. The character of the productions of the former find just appreciation in the popular title,

“Poems of the Heart.” The latter is the author of the “Temple of Sibylla” and the “Hymn to God”, which are considered among the most beautiful creations in the Polish tongue. The most noteworthy of scientific writers are Jan and Jedrzej Sniadecki, since they are the first who composed scientific treatises in their native language. Renowned is the “Theory of Organic Beings” by the latter, whilst the former wrote extensively on astronomical and mathematical subjects. This age also produced the great historian Narusiewicz, whose researches are invaluable.

But whilst Poland so happily progressed, three nations in brazen selfishness and unfeeling barbarity wiped out its existence, thus recording another political crime in the pages of the world's history. The troops of Russia, Prussia, and Austria might overcome those of Poland, but they could not crush the spirit of the Polish people, nor change their hearts. Literary excellence and activity with other people often declines with their political fortune, but Poland formed an exception to the usual course of things. They have proved again what heroic men have often proved before, that you cannot enslave the hearts and minds of a people, though you crush their bodies. There has been little or no abatement in literary activity since the fall of Poland. Some twelve hundred authors write for the consolation and enlightenment of their people. Especially fruitful in literary products is the “Romantic School”, founded by Adam Mickiewicz, the popular bard to whom this epoch is dedicated. His rare poetical power

and the sublimity of thought render his work immortal. "Sir Tadeusz", the greatest creation in all Slavonic literature, is the production of his genius. In it he presents to our eyes the Polish people with their ideals, manners, and occupations. A profound critic has pronounced his works the greatest of its kind among all modern nations. No less remarkable are his "Konrad Wallenrod", an epic, also "Grazyna" and "Dziady." The latter treats in dramatic form and with much power the persecution of students and literary men.

Another poet with a genius more imaginative and dramatic than even that of Mickiewicz is Zygmund Krasiński, whose lyrics, tinged with sadness, express the deepest emotions of the heart. His works, such as "The Dawning", "Iridion", a classic drama, "Godless Comedy", and his different "Psalms" abound in sublime and rare thoughts. Another born singer is Julian Slowacki, "the master of verse". His originality of thought and poetic power are apparent in the drama "Balladyna". The mystic longing with which it inspires the reader is a peculiar trait of all his writings. Balladyna is a drama, but not one in which persons participate but two struggling epochs, the former Slavonic world and our present critical age.

Having made mention of the Polish poets, let us meet the representative of novelists, Henryk Sienkiewicz, whose historical novels are known to all the cultured world. Though painting on large canvas with glaring colors and seemingly with little attention to detail, his pictures are wonder-

fully true and impressive. In "Quo Vadis" he masterly presents the contrast between Christian and pagan morals. But whilst this novel deals with the past, "Without Dogma" deals with the present. The character of Aniela, bearing heroically the sufferings of the soul, is depicted with such skill as has been exhibited by few novelists. All of his works bear the stamp of genius. Another prominent author of our time is Karol Libelt, a great critical writer, the head of a school of critics and philosophers, whose influence will undoubtedly leave its traces on future Polish literature.

That the Polish people possess a very fertile imagination, a fervid disposition, and a poetical and artistic temperament is well known, and if the boot of the oppressor rests not too heavily on their necks, we may expect them to advance in civilization and culture and contribute no small share to the world's knowledge and happiness.

PAUL WIESE, '08.



A gleam of spring comes stealing in,
Welcome, joyous sunshine!
My heart now beats with nature's throbs,
And sweet content is mine.

D. L. M., '06.

The Drunkard's Cure.

THE shabbily clad form of a young woman with emaciated cheeks, large, honest blue eyes that were filled with tears, stood at the window of her plainly furnished room, a picture of grief. Her gaze was directed towards a scene apparently insignificant, but of no slight interest to her. At a little distance from the house her two little children, a boy of eight and girl of six, were playing. The two were so absorbed in their childish amusements that they were unconscious of being watched either by their mother at the window or by their father standing behind the garden gate. The children had not the least thought of their father being near; the sight of him would have made them relinquish their play at once, for they feared him and shrank from his embrace, for he was a drunkard.

For more than three years this unhappy man had sought to drown his troubles in the bottle. Previous to this time, his strong arm had amply provided for the family. No cloud had ever darkened the bliss of his peaceful abode, until a kind act toward a deceitful friend robbed him of house and home. Having signed a note as security for a considerable sum of money, the sudden disappearance of his friend reduced him to poverty. This cruel and unexpected blow almost unnerved the poor man. The earnest pleadings of his good and faithful wife were powerless to restrain him from frequenting the bar-room.

Want and misery then entered the home: wife and children were not only neglected but frequently abused. No one suffered more than the mother. Grief and sorrow and suffering were depicted on her countenance. Yet she bore all the ill treatment with utmost meekness, and daily prayed with her children that God might bring their father back to his former good habits. The unfortunate man, although persisting in his passion for drink, remained not altogether insensible to the tears of his wife and children. Though he had lost his former manliness and gentle qualities he felt ashamed of himself in his sober moments. He was just in such a mood on this particular occasion, when as he approached the house, he heard the voices of his children. The last three days he had been drinking and carousing. Coming home late, and finding but a scanty meal, he scolded his wife, accusing her of laziness, broke dishes and furniture, and before his mad frenzy ceased, he had clubbed wife and children out of the house.

Today he had not touched a drop of liquor. Like a hunted animal he shrank from the eyes of men. A fierce tempest raged within him. The voices of his children made him start; he stopped and listened. What were they saying? Were they speaking about him? He strained his ears to catch every word. "Let us play house," said the little girl to her brother. "You be papa, and I'll be mama. You come home drunk, turning from one side to the other, this way—scolding and beating me like papa beat mamma last night.

When you find no meat on the table, you break our table and chairs and then fall asleep. Just as you see papa almost every day," continued the girl. "But how will you play," asked the boy hurriedly. "Oh, I will play mamma, I will cry, but wont be angry with you. I will pray like mamma that you will become a better man again." "But what will you say, if I strike you and break our little table here?" "Oh, I will do just like mamma, I....." the words died on her lips, for in the next moment she found herself in the embrace of her weeping father.

The childish colloquy was the means of converting this unhappy man; and in after years, when fortune again favored him, and happiness had returned to the family, he related the story how he watched his children "play house".

MAURICE EHRLINGER, '06.



O snowflake fair,
Please tell me where
You rush in such a flurry.
"I come and go,"
It answered low,
And to my rest I hurry.

And then a thought
By semblance wrought
Arose to question reason:
Like Heaven's snows
Man onward goes,
His life is but a season. D. L. M., '06.

Annunciation.



LOW in a mountain valley
A lily sprang and grew;
Along a lonely wayside
Pure radiant beams it threw.

It grew in sun and shadow,
And in the blooming time
Was chosen by the master
To serve in His pure shrine.

This simple, spotless lily
Raised up its snow-white face
To breath of Holy Spirit,
Then yielded to His grace.

With tender care this lily
Its fruit in triumph brings,
Attended with celestial song
And hum and hovering wings.

O lily of the mountain,
O dream of light and love,
Of innocence the fountain
O Queen of joys above.

L. FAUROT, 08.



Sincerity.

"This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3.

TO possess sincerity is to possess an ideal treasure. It is a virtue at all times admired and of all most desirable, since it includes almost all the qualities that are found in a noble character. As lying seems to be the meanest of all vices, usually resulting from recklessness and a combination of many bad qualities, we may well call sincerity the distinctive mark of a good man.

Assuming this to be true, there is no virtue that would seem to demand our attention more, and none more deserving of a home within the heart of man. Yet, when we look about us, we find that it is "conspicuous by its absence:" daily life does not seem to recognize it. We expect to find it in our neighbor, but practically exclude ourselves from its possession. Usage seems rather to patronize insincerity, of which upon closer inspection we discover a vein prevading all classes.

Instead of being told, a falsehood is often acted, assuming various forms: dissembling, evading, donging censure, exaggerating, or in some other manner concealing the bare truth. Thus you congratulate your friend on his success, in order to retain his regard, when your judgment tells you that he did not merit the praise. The friend would be more benefited, if his attention were candidly called to his mistakes as well as to

his merits. He would then know exactly what measures to take. Another meets a fellowman and greeting him, passes some flattering remarks, but only to secure his trade or to reap some other advantage, whilst there is no kindness at the bottom. Or the servant is sent to answer the rap at the door by telling the stranger the gentleman is not at home. The servant does as directed, and the act receives no further thought. But need the master be surprised when the servant makes use of a falsehood or an evasion on a fit occasion to escape his master's censure? The master is not consistent when he expects truth from him whom he is teaching a species of falsehood.

Sincerity requires that we live up to our convictions; that, when conscience as an unfailing judge has given the verdict, we courageously obey it, even at the expense of personal inconvenience. It requires plain words, no ambiguities. It demands nobility and strength of soul. The sincere man has to grapple with many difficulties, the harder as he finds few friends to adapt themselves to the like policy of following the "straight lines of truth;" but when once the way is paved by a persistent effort at truth, he finds it sweet and charming and the easiest in the end.

We love sincerity in social life, we love it in the political world, we love it in literature as well as on the stage. Yes, even on the stage sincerity is gold, and insincerity tinsel. How is it that we have sat a witness to the most brilliant acting, and remained unmoved? Because the actor was shamming. At heart he was himself not moved. Be-

tween the scenes he would probably smoke a cigarette, and indulge in trivial conversation. The next moment we are to sympathize with him in a serious role, one that stirs all the powers of mind and soul. If we are not stirred, it is because the actor himself is not; he does not live his part; as an actor, he is insincere.

Sincerity is a quality especially attractive in the student, one that will endear him to his teacher. How numerous are the instances of insincerity even in students. Putting on an air of innocence when suspicioned of wrong-doing or observed in the very act, or feigning to be conscious of an injustice done when punished, or guessing at answers, or repeating the prompter's words, or looking wise, or alleging a misconception of the question, or pleading ignorance of regulations, and many other little tricks known to students for appearing other than they are.

A jewel among men, and esteemed as such, is he who is perfectly sincere at all times and under all circumstances. Such men are comparatively rare. They are those in whom there is no deception, who give themselves as they are, to whom the very idea of simulation or equivocation or evasion or "dress parade" behavior is foreign. Some such men are found in every community, and their presence is a joy and a benediction.

Like all manly virtues, sincerity best establishes itself by early impressions made upon the youthful mind. It is the example that the child imitates. As to these early impressions made by example, Cowley calls them "letters cut in the

bark of a young tree," which, however slightly they are made, grow and widen with age. These letters, then, are cut by parents, especially by the keen edge of maternal love; for it is the mother who wields the greatest influence over the child's education; it is she who is with it from the very beginning of it's existence, nursing and fashioning it into the future man. She is able to cultivate the seed of sincerity; and what is more estimable than a sincere youth?

We read of Dr. Arnold that he earnestly desired to educate the young in truthfulness, styled by him the manliest of virtues; and to accomplish his end he thought no means more efficacious than to let his pupils know that he trusted them and believed their word. How he succeeded we can infer from his pupils' remarks to one another: "It's a shame to tell Dr. Arnold a lie; he always believes one."

ALBIN J. SCHEIDLER, '05.



Music hath one charm for me,
Which lingers ever by;
For while I list, methinks I see
The land beyond the sky.

D. L. M., '06.

Shylock and Isaac of York:

A Parallel.

EVERY race and nation upon earth is individualized by some foible or peculiarity. In the imagination and minds of aliens these peculiarities are generally exaggerated, but to a measure they exist, and have been handed down from one generation to another, thus becoming a common attribute of the race in question. An Irishman to be an Irishman must needs be witty. The German should be of portly figure, love conviviality, and ever have "O du lieber Augustin" upon his lips. Imperceptibility of jokes is the Englishman's forte, and so ad infinitum through the catalogue of nations. Thus avavice has been attributed to the Jew, and whether he is described by the earliest writers or by those of the present day, he is ever pictured as the wanderer with the itching palm. It is not strange, then, that both Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, who have given us the two masterful types of the Hebrew, Shylock and Isaac of York, have endowed them with this attribute.

Apart from this ruling passion, Shylock and Isaac of York have many traits of character in which their similarity is striking, and many, too, in which they radically diverge. This latter fact may be explained from differences in station and environment. Isaac chose "Merrie England" for his home during that factious period of Coeur

de Lion's reign, when chivalry was at its height, and when feudalism showed as little regard for law as it did for the despised Jew. Shylock is a native of Venice, that city of trade and commercialism, where money had already begun to have some of the power which it now possesses, placing its owners on regal pedestals.

We see the haughty Shylock, the prince of his people, mighty in the conception of his superiority, enter the scene dictating terms to the Christians. It is a different condition in which Isaac first presents himself to us. A tall, stooping old man, weather-beaten by the storm, and as Scott describes him, "an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting-place."

Shylock is the nobler mind, he is the personification of strength, haughtiness, and power; he possesses the grounds for noble or at least heroic emotions. Isaac is a common of his tribe, but a more natural spirit. Shylock is a hero of a drama; Isaac would never play such a part, for he is too much given to bowing and cringing.

Avarice and revenge are the bulwarks of Shylock's character. His passions are on a grand scale, they are adamant and wonderful in their intensity. Love is alien to his nature. "Money" blight his domestic as well as his filial affections; and, indeed, at times it is hard to believe that avarice and revenge could carry a human being so far. Isaac's avarice is tenfold, but he places the love of his daughter above his passion, and is willing to endure the rack rather than ransom

himself from them whom he thought had dishonored his daughter.

In drawing the relations of father to child and child to father, Scott is more in accord with the Jew than Shakespeare, who doubtlessly was compelled to draw Jessica as he does in order to stimulate Shylock's revenge. For it is a well-known fact that the family relations of the Jews are pure and indeed patriarchal, that parents have the greatest affection for their children, and that the mother is the queen of the home.

How different, then, are the strained and unnatural relations of Shylock and Jessica and the tender affection of Isaac and Rebecca! What a daughter Rebecca is! She is the perfection of the beautiful and the good, and if virtue should be rewarded by temporal recompense, we wish with many others that the love story would have turned out different. Surely, Scott has drawn a wonderful daughter for so niggardly a man.

Both Shylock and Isaac possess the eastern floridity of expression, and in reading their several dialogues and soliloquies we are forcibly struck by their similiarity, and, indeed, we would fain believe that Scott when portraying Isaac of York was unconsciously influenced by the character of Shylock.

Shylock is ambitious for wealth and power as for the means by which he may gain prestige for his own religion and rise above the Christian. He stands as the avenger of an oppressed race, which gives him a certain dignity and compels some kind of admiration. All his actions tend to

one purpose of advancing the interests of his religion. These characteristics are wanting to Isaac. He has no strong resolve, he loves money for filthy lucre's sake, his acts are without a definite purpose, except a greedy personal ambition, and he merely considers so many shekels gained this day so many extorted from him to-morrow. We do not admire him as we do Shylock, but we rather pity him.

Both characters are worthy of their great authors. Each is a true though distinct type of the Jew, and it would be difficult to conceive two types drawn so accurately as Shylock and Isaac of York, so distinctly of Jewish flesh and blood, and two daughters drawn so oppositely as Jessica and Rebecca.

MAURICE F. O'CONNOR, '06.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Editorials.

Owing to convenience of the reverend retreat master, our retreat was held immediately after the return from the Christmas vacation. There was a pleasant surprise in store for us when it was announced that Father Godfrey Schlachter, C. PP. S. would conduct the retreat. A happier selection could not have been made. Father Godfrey's meditations and conferences were without doubt

among the best ever given in our Chapel. They were not only practical and instructive but enriched with examples and illustrations as only a missionary of Father Godfrey's experience can command. Father Godfrey has our profound thanks for his labors.



"All things come to him who waits." Thus we can gleefully say, for our long wished-for gymnasium is ours at last, ours to enjoy and possess. It will only be a matter of a few weeks, or a few months at most, until it is in every way complete and furnished with all the necessary apparatus. The students have by this time demonstrated its usefulness, nay, necessity. This splendid gymnasium puts St. Joseph's on par with any college of its kind.



A deplorable condition in student life is lack of initiative. To do a thing because it *must* be done is not the proper spirit for a student, and in fact, one who continually waits until the heavy hand of necessity descends upon him, will seldom, if ever, rise above the mark of mediocrity. We might divide students into three classes: the first to comprise those who do not perform their duty even when told to do so, the second is composed of those who only do what necessity demands, the third of those who seek out their duty and perform it without requiring a warning. The first are those who make a failure of life, the second, and unfortunately the largest class, are those who

are content to stay within the limits of the mediocre, the third are those who bear off the palm.

To be successful, then, in college work means real initiative, seeking out duty and performing it with due alacrity. In short, it means seeing and doing. Every student should have an ideal, however modest it be, and the acquisition of this ideal should lead him on to strive more and more, for his ideal is his guiding star through all his course.



On the 15th of February America parted with another son whose name has been inseparably connected with her affairs from his youth. Gen. Lew Wallace, soldier, diplomat, and author, the last of the leaders in the Civil War, passed away. With unaffected sorrow did the country put on its mourning for such a son.

The works of General Wallace have placed his name prominently before the public, and had he accomplished nothing more than the masterly work "Ben Hur," his place upon the roll of fame would have been assured. There is perhaps no nobler work of its kind than "Ben Hur," and the dramatization of the book was an event upon the American stage.

His was a mind of a noble cast, a nature compounded of the best essence of probity and unselfishness. His services to his country were many and well performed, and it is due to the qualities of real manhood which he possessed that his memory is cherished by all who had the good fortune to know him.

The one cloud which overshadowed his life was the charge of disobedience to his command at Shiloh. This was dispelled by his vindication, and his Shiloh address shows where the real mistake was made.

His one regret in parting with his life was his inability to complete his memoirs, which was the crowning ambition of his life. But he died in the midst of his work, leaving unsaid what never will be known as he could have told it. Thus disappears a loyal American and one of Indiana's most illustrious sons.



After eulogizing Gen. Lew Wallace, soldier and writer, we cannot refrain from adding a short loving tribute to the memory of one whose work and influence has perhaps been equally beneficial, Theodore Thomas, the musician. Although no composer of immortal works, he will be held in grateful remembrance and esteem on account of the influence exercised upon the musical taste in this country. No man has done more to make good music intelligible and popular to Americans than Theodore Thomas. Through his work as leader of orchestras and choral societies in different cities he introduced the American public to the best music of the great masters. Himself an admirer of Beethoven, of whose works he is said to have been the best interpreter that ever lived, he was not so narrow in his sympathies and tastes as to slight the other great composers. He did pioneer work, if such it may be called, in the realm of musical art. Honor to his memory!

A most welcome announcement is that of the Appleton Company, through Conde B. Pallen. It is to the effect that we are about to have a cyclopaedia on Catholic subjects in fifteen volumes by an excellent staff of editors. There is need, the greatest need, for such a work, and our thanks are due to the person, or number of persons, that launch the enterprise. We will later on bring a more detailed announcement.



Arbor and Bird Day.

WHEN this holiday of national observance was introduced into this country, it might have occurred to the minds of many people that this was simply a move on the part of sentimental "Nature Lovers" to protect nature for nature's sake. But, as the years roll on, we are getting to see clearer and clearer that the wanton destruction of both forests and birds is not only destroying the natural beauties of our country, but is threatening above all the physical and commercial well-being of the nation.

These facts were prominently brought forth at the recent Forestry Congress, which was held in Washington on Jan. 3th, last, by Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, likewise President of the Congress. He said that the Forestry problem at present before the country was not a local or a class question, but that it affected everyone; that while we were finding substitutes for wood, still

the uses of wood were increasing every year. He believed, he said, that the nation was beginning to see the necessity of preserving the forests, since in many institutions of learning the subject is receiving careful study, while in other places societies and experiment stations are being established. While all this is going on, still he believed that this was not sufficient, but that greater results might be obtained if the business interests of this country would realize that forests wisely managed "mean so much capital invested." "Without forestry," he said, "permanent prosperity of the industries is impossible, for only by the preservation of our forests can we hope for any reliable supply of water."

The part that President Roosevelt took in this Congress shows how important this question has become, and how our country is gradually getting closer to those wise and economical views which have influenced foreign countries, such as France, England, and above all Germany.

What might be said concerning trees might with equal force be applied to birds; in fact, both questions are intimately related, and for this reason "Arbor Day" is now called "Arbor and Bird Day". The value of birds from an economic standpoint is well known to science, and the subject is receiving constant attention, both by the Agricultural Department and the numerous stations distributed throughout the country. Frank Chapman in his "Bird Life" states that there is a loss at least of \$200,000,000 annually to the agricultural interests of this country, owing to the de-

structive influence of insect life, but that this figure does not include the damage done to ornamental shrubbery, shade and forest trees. Keeping in mind that birds are the natural enemies of insect life, this simple statement should certainly induce us to set a higher value upon bird life, and make strenuous efforts to protect them wherever possible.

For reasons such as the above, we rejoice that Arbor Day is now celebrated throughout our land by the students of our schools and colleges with appropriate exercises, and that on this day, if not on any other, they are taught the value and the importance of preserving our birds and forests. We may, therefore, indulge the hope that in the course of a few generations our country will have advanced so far in her methods of preserving trees, that she may be justly compared to foreign countries.

A. W., '08.



Exchanges.

IF we mistake not, there has been some improvement in the work of the exchange editors, thanks to the suggestions of some of the brethren. Their criticism has become more constructive, as it ought to be,—more helpful and suggestive. We will try not to remain behindhand in our efforts.

One of the better class exchanges received at the Collegian's Sanctum is the *Abbey Student*. Every article of the December Number has its own particular value, but the most sensible composition of the month was that on the Russo-Japanese War. Many sound arguments were advanced showing why we, as a nation, should sympathize with the former country. In many respects the policy of the United States bears out the old adage, "Eaten bread is soon forgotten."

With regard to "George Waverly," it is advisable when writing a story from a play, to head it with the original title, in this case, "The Confederate Spy." Furthermore, there is no necessity for a change of names. The writer has substituted "Waverly" for "Waterman" and "Stanley" for "Bradley" without altering the Christian names. He has written very well, but naturally such stories are not as good as the play from which they are taken.

The Exchange Editor of the *Niagara Index* must be congratulated, for his column is certainly a vast improvement over former years, both in thought

and style. The general atmosphere of the Index is somewhat sombre with its train of essays, but time is not wasted in reading them, particularly those of the calibre of "The Gentleman," which draws the distinction between the boor and the real gentleman. "Be Thyself" is a nice hit on those mysterious "Solons" who promenade about, "spellbinding" their fellow-students.

There has been a series of studies in the *Victorian* on Byron's "Childe Harold." The author writes with an enthusiasm born of a thorough appreciation of its grandeur and poetic worth. While not by any means laborious nor indigestible by reason of its length, the reader is treated to some rather long sentences which strain the attention too much.

A worthy addition to the Christmas Carols is "The Skeptic's Dream." It is distinguished for descriptive vividness more than for originality of plot.

The Christmas number of the *Dial* contained an exceptionally fine collection of stories, the best, perhaps, of any exchange.

The first, "Out of the Depths," treats the theme of a prodigal's return in a novel way, and evinces no little psychological knowledge and dramatic power.

"Scout and Deserter" is equally good. The same spirit which led the Revolutionary Patriots to sing "Yankee Doodle" in derision of the British, who composed it to insult them, fills the American heart when he hears of one of his co-patriots repaying our enemies in their own coin.

It is therefore with a feeling of satisfaction that we note the just punishment of the Philippino. The other stories—three of them—were also very fascinating, something that can be said of comparatively few narratives by amateurs.

“The King of the North,” a beautiful imaginative poem in five stress together with the charming rondeau “On Christmas Night,” make the *Dial* almost as entertaining as some of the professional monthlies.

The excellence of the local column of the same paper has also been often commented on in our sanctum.

Comparing favorably with the stories in the *Dial* are those of the *Fleur de Lis*. The object of the short story is to make one take a kindlier view of life and to practice greater charity towards our neighbor. The artistic work in the *Fleur de Lis* is certainly capable of that effect, for example read the “Bells of Peace,” a picture of the Civil War. Had this been printed during the turbulent war times, it would no doubt have helped to foster a warmer feeling and to remove some of the bitterness in the hearts of both “Blue and Gray.”

Real life is full of real humor, and in fiction the nearer the approach to real life the more humorous and consequently the more enjoyable is the reading. Thus the “Joys of Christmas-shopping” places before us a character, Mr. Brown, whom we frequently see hanging on the outside of a crowded street car. He fears to lose his six inches of precious standing room, so he apathetically watches the disappearance of his bundles.

Two ideal boys are introduced in "A Lucky Decision." This age of "Look out for yourself first" almost precludes the possibility of such boys. But whether real or ideal, we could not help admiring the one for his perseverance and the other for his generosity. The tie in the contest was a very clever way of saving either boy from disappointment.

About the most successful first attempt at college journalism that we have ever seen is that of the *Jefferson College Journal*. The number is well balanced by a good selection of essays, stories, and poems.

The writer of "Light Literature" has given us a short glimpse over the field of the novel. His views are sound and to the point. The false ideas of life which many novels inculcate into young minds is a point that could have been emphasized a little more. But considering that the novel is almost the only theme of the essay, do you not think "Light Literature" rather vague as a title?

The mysterious, humorous, pathetic, and the fearful are the main points of the stories (surely an interesting assortment), and they are better written than those of some exchanges with years of experience to guide them. Our best wishes for your continued success!



Dedication Day.

WASHINGTON'S Birthday, 1905, opened a new era for St. Joseph's, an era of "scientific" physical development, an era to which every student within its walls has looked forward with longing expectation. The new Gymnasium, now in the last stage of completion, was on this day dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding, in the presence of numerous visitors, clerical and lay, and the inmates of the College. After the dedication ceremonies, the bishop mounted the stage together with our Rev. President, who expressed his pleasure at seeing so many of the diocesan clergy and former students in attendance. The Rt. Rev. Bishop then delivered a splendid address on the old theme "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" (a sound mind in a sound body). In his own characteristic philosophical manner—his speech spiced with epigrams and witticisms—he spoke of the relation of the body to the soul and the necessity of physical culture. In proportion as men take greater care of their body and their external appearance they become better and advance in civilization. He said, he did not believe in the saintliness of dirt. The speaker then spoke of the benefits of systematic physical exercise to the health of the person and advocated a proper use of same. He also compared present methods in college athletics with those of forty years ago, and said he believed he got as much fun, if not more, out of the old time unscientific base-ball and

foot-ball as the students out of the present "scientific" games.

The address was immediately followed by the exhibition drills of companies A, B, C, and D. The showings of the companies far surpassed any former exhibition of the year, and A and B in particular had splendid drills.

After dinner the Victor Polo team defeated the Invincibles in a fast game, in which there appeared a marked improvement over Sunday's exhibition.

The event of the afternoon was a spirited and altogether notable contest by the members of the Senior Elocution Class for the Gold Medal offered by the President of the College. The judges: Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding, Revs. Mark Hamburger and Thomas Conroy, awarded the medal to Lawrence D. Monahan. Mr. E. P. Honan presided and opened the program with a felicitous introduction speech. Following is the Program:—

March and Overture "Bridal Rose".....Orchestra.
 Gualberto's Victory.....Felician Wachendorfer.
 Clarence's Dream (Richard III)Maurice O'Connor.
 Bernardo del Carpio.....Victor Meagher.
 The Two Vagabonds.....Maurice Ehleringer.
 The Progress of Madness.....Lawrence Monahan.
 The Bashful Man....Edward Pryor.
 Song: "Tu es Petrus".....Choir.
 Cardinal Wolsey's Farewell.....Albin Scheidler.
 Speech of Brutus to the Romans.....Othmar Knapke.
 Soliloquy of Hamlet....Raymond Rath.
 "Voices of the Night" Waltz.....Orchestra.

All of the participants read their lines with something of the smoothness and effectiveness of

professional elocutionists. Some members of the class were unable to appear, owing to sickness, and others had to remain away to keep the program within a reasonable time limit, but all had prepared their selections with utmost care and could have appeared with credit. D. L. M., '06.



New Publications.

Schadows Lifted. by J. E. Copus S. J. Benziger Bros, 85c. This new work coming from the pen of the distinguished Jesuit author is an ideal college story. It is written primarily for boys, for their entertainment, and incidentally instruction and edification, but it is a story that will fascinate older readers as well. There is much wisdom laid down in it, that has been gained by the author during his long acquaintanceship with young men at college. It is positively delightful and elevating to be introduced into the atmosphere of old St. Cuthbert, and to meet so many excellent young men. There is no particular ingenuity of plot or skill in construction shown by the author, but the book is pleasant reading, nevertheless.

The story is sure to please the young for the the author introduces Indian conjurers who by their marvelous work are bound to hold his attention. All persons that are at college or have been there or expect to go there, will read "Shadows Lifted" with no little pleasure and instruction.

J. S., '07.

Ceremonial for Altar Boys. Benziger Bros., 35c. True to the statement made in the short preface, the "Ceremonial for Altar Boys" is a compact little volume furnishing a detailed description of the common, solemn, and pontifical ceremonies in which the altar boy may ordinarily be called upon to participate in the sanctuary.

It is admirably well adapted to the needs of the server, and is written in style simple enough for the youthful aspirant. It is a useful little book for an altar society, and should be in the possession of every boy who wishes to serve at the altar according to the rubrics of the Church. L. M. 06.



Visitors' Register.

Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Alerding, D. D. Bishop of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Very Rev. B. Russ, C. PP. S. Revs. John Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind. John Bleckmann, Michigan City, Ind. W. Berg, Schererville, Ind. M. J. Byrne, Lafayette, Ind. D. J. Mulcahy, Anderson, Ind. C. V. Stetter, Kentland, Ind. J. Dempsey, Crawfordsville, Ind. A. Young, Garrett, Ind. F. J. Jansen, Frankfort Ind. G. H. Horstmann, Reynolds, Ind. J. Connelly, Logansport, Ind. F. Seroczyński, North Judson, Ind. Th. J. Travers, Logansport, Ind. F. P. Faust, Egge, Ind. J. Berg, Remington, Ind. F. Koenig, Lowell, Ind.

H. A. Hellhake, Sheldon, Ind. Edw. Mungovan, Ft. Wayne, Ind. J. Wakefer, Dunkirk, Ind. J. P. Crowley, Lebanon, Ind. E. Boccard, Delphi, Ind. C. E. McCabe, Barrydale, Ind. J. A. Seimetz, Peru, Ind. Th. M. Conroy, Monroeville, Ind. F. L. Hulgten, Tiffin, O. G. Schlachter C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind. R. Schmaus C. PP. S., St. Stephen, O. B. Dickmann C. PP. S., Ft. Recovery, O. E. Grimm C. PP. S., Minster, O. M. Hamburger C. PP. S., Coldwater, O. G. Hindelang C. PP. S., Celina, O. J. Mayer, C. PP. S., Gas City, Ind. Phil. Riest C. PP. S., Burkettsville, O. J. Mullen C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind. J. Henkel C. PP. S., Burkettsville, O. G. Jussell C. PP. S., Carthagena, O. Ven. Bro. Arthur C. S. C., St. Mary's College, Ky.

Mr. H. Reichert, St. Wendelin, O. Messrs. M. Bodine and G. Kachur, Michigan City, Ind. Mrs. M. Gerstbauer, Notre Dame, Ind. Mr. J. Jochim and Master Daily, North Judson, Ind. Mr. Martin Greven, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mrs. and Mr. Feehan, Ishpeming, Mich. Mrs. Chas. Spornhauer, Celina, O. Messrs. Chas. Bultinck and O. Van Rie, Mishawaka, Ind. Mr. M. T. Hanley, Muncie, Ind. Mr. J. Costello, Anderson, Ind. Messrs. J. Wiese and Geo. Ruppert, Reynolds, Ind.



Societies.

C. L. S. The work of the Columbian Literary Society for the first session of the school year found a creditable ending on Dec. 22nd, last, the eve before the boys departed for their homes to enjoy the Christmas vacation. The following numbers were presented and highly enjoyed: —

Waltz.....Orchestra.
 Oration "True Nobility".....M. Shea.
 Essay "The Yellow Peril".....R. Schwieterman
 Song "The old Brigade".....J. Seimetz.
 Recitation "Mrs. McDuffy on Base-ball".....B. Schmitz.
 Song "Far At Sea".....Glee Club.
 Declamation "The Curse of Regulus".J. Lieser.
 Farce, "The Four Singers"; participants:—.....
F. Gribba, E. Pryor, Isidore Collins, A. Linneman.
 Farce "The Awkward Squad"; participants:—Lieutenant
 E. Vurpillat; Sergeant, L. Bergman; Cyrus Green, J. Sullivan;
 Hans, E. Olberding; Percy Harald, E. Fitzgerald;
 Michael O'Fergusson, J. Costello.

The Society may justly congratulate itself upon the successful efforts of the first session. Most of the programs given during the year were above expectation, and it is encouraging to note that nearly every member of the society made it his special object to deliver his part with more finish and perfection than before.

With the opening of the second term the Columbian Society began work again in good earnest. At a meeting held in College hall, Feb. 5th., 1905, the following members were elected to fill the various offices of the Society:

President, A. Scheidler; vice-president, B. Wellman; secretary, M. Helmig; treasurer, J. O'Donnell; critic, E. Pryor; Editor, B. Schmitz; Marshall, J. McCarthy; Ex. Com., M. Shea; R. Schwieterman; O. Knapke.

On Feb. 12th., (Lincoln's Birthday) the society presented the first program for the second term.

Essay "The Papacy"	F. May.
Oration "Fidelity".....	L. Hildebrand.
Declamation "Hanz and Fritz".....	B. Condon.
Essay "Abraham Lincoln".....	O. Hentges.
Recitation "The Gambler's wife".....	J. McCarthy,
Debate: "Resolved that we favor the immediate and compulsory adoption of the Metric System."	
	Affirmative..... Paul Wiese
	Negative.....C. Boeke.
Editor's Paper	E. Freiburger.

Every member on the above program deserves credit for his good delivery. C. Boeke merited the applause of the audience for his masterly defence and his fine use of irony. Paul Wiese's speech was notable for correct phrasing and modulation.

A. L. S. The members of the Aloysian Literary Society have elected an efficient set of new officers for the ensuing term. The members are rehearsing a play, which will probably be given on St. Patrick's day. The members elected to office on Feb. 5th., are as follows:

President, D. Scnefeld; vice president, P. Graf; secretary, E. Neumeier; treasurer, V. Williams; marshal, W. Donahue; editor, E. Mauntel; librarian, C. Carrol; Ex. Com., G. Ohleyer, J. Gores, H. Berghoff.

On Sunday, Feb. 12th., the society rendered a private program which is reported to have been good and spirited throughout.

St. X. G. L. S. The German Literary Society elected the following officers:

President, M. Ehleringer; vice-president, O. Knapke; secretary, A. Linneman; critic, C. Frericks; librarian, G. Pax; Ex. Com., J. Becker; R. Rath.

M. S. In a meeting held on Feb. 5th., the Marian Sodality elected officers as follows:

President, A. Scheidler; first assistant, M. Shea; second assistant, F. Wachendorfer.

The Society numbers at present about 140 members and is in a flourishing condition.



Athletics.

THE gymnasium is now a reality, and a reality that far surpassed our expectations. No one is able to appreciate the gym more than the athletic editor, and it is indeed gratifying to know that this column will never lack subject matter, and no more will its editor be compelled to addle his brain for athletics.

POLO.

Polo has gained quite a foothold at college since Christmas. It is a game that is exciting and thrilling to the highest tension. Brought from the east several years ago, it is very popular in Indiana. A polo league has been formed and skate, ball and stick have become an important part of our athletics. On the day of dedication the Foxy Five took the initial game played in the gym from the Victors.

The summary:

Foxy Five	R G F S	Victors	R G F S
Donahue 1 r	8 3 0 0	Gartland 1 r	5 3 0 0
Fitzgerald 2 r	0 0 0 0	Gallagher 2 r	0 2 1 0
Graf c	0 3 0 0	Bryan c	0 0 0 0
Neary h b	0 0 0 0	Dumbach h b	0 0 0 0
Bickel g	0 0 0 26	Kaib g	0 0 0 24

The score: Foxy Five 6, Victors 5, Referee, Costello.

On Feb. 26. the Foxy Five again defeated the Victors in an over-time game by a score of 4-3. The players are greatly improving both in holding their feet and passing the ball. The work of Donahue and Gartland were decided features.

The summary:

Foxy Five		R G F S	Victors		R G F S
Donahue	1 r	6 3 0 0	Gartland	1 r	5 4 1 0
Pierce	2 r	0 0 0 0	Boland	2 r	0 0 0 0
Fitzgerald	2 r	0 1 0 0	Gallagher	2 r	0 0 1 0
Bryan	c	0 0 0 0	Tompkins	c	0 0 0 0
Neary	h b	0 0 0 0	Graf	c	0 0 0 0
Dumbach	h b	0 0 0 0	Hilgerink	h b	0 0 1 0
Bickel	g	0 0 0 30	Kaib	g	0 0 0 33

BASKET BALL.

For over a year basket ball had dropped from the horizon of our athletics, but it is again up, and it is an assured fact that its popularity will continue. On the evening of Feb. 22nd before the student body and a large number of visiting clergy St. Aquino hall played the team from St. Caecilia hall. From the blast of the referee's whistle to the end, the game was exciting and pregnant with interest. Both teams played to win. St. Caecilia's team played a better defensive and in the last half a better offensive game than the St. Aquinos, but they could not locate the basket.

The line up.

St. Caecilia		St. Aquino
Sullivan	F	Hilgerink
J. Bryan	F	Nageleisen
ODonnel	C	M. Bryan
Allgeier	G	Saccone
OConnor	G	Seimetz

Gnibba and Monahan substituted for ODonnell and Sullivan.

Summary: St. Aquino 6 St. Caecilia 5 Field goals, St. Aquino, Hilgerink 2, M. Bryan 1. St. Caecilia, Monahan, Foul goals, St. Caecilia, Monahan 3. Referee, Williams. Umpire Shea.

On Sunday Feb. 26, the Bazaar Basket Ball team defeated the 1st Latin team by a score 8-2.

The line up.

Bazaar		1st Latin
Monahan	F	Faurot
Bryan	F	Graf
Gnibba	C	Gase
Allgeier	G	Costello
Fisher	G	Gartland

BOWLING.

While bowling alleys are no innovation to us, still since the alleys have been placed in the basement of the gym, the sport is becoming more popular than it was when the alleys were out in the cold. Care should be taken however not to handle them as roughly as the old alleys were.

BASE BALL

We recognize by the rise of the thermometer that the sun is returning, and the heart of the base ball enthusiast is made glad. Light infield practice is beginning in the gym. Everyone who has aspirations for the representative team should be up and doing, as the team is not selected yet and there are chances for everyone who has the material and the right spirit.

M. F. O'CONNOR, '06.



Doffings.

Let's play "dominus," says Paul.

Oscar:—Did you ever see Hamlet?

Alfred:—I saw one hamlet, and that was Mishawaka.

When our friend Fritz wants one to get a pitcher of water, he says:

"Please rush the growler for me."

One night during the exams Matthew got an over-dose of Geometry, and for awhile his recovery was despaired of. But he came around alright.

Evarist, after filling a hole with rubbish:—Richard, what shall I do with the dirt that is left?

Richard:—"Dig another hole and shovel it in."

After an hour of dense exudation of conglomerated Polonaise in sesquipedalian verbiage, Paul scientifically dismissed his awe-stricken pupils, leaving the walls of the class-room to heave in astonished wonder at the grand eloquent echoes they were compelled to reverberate, and quietly gazing over the field of battle, Paul exclaimed:—"Thus do I fulfill my mission."

Terque ipsa solo, mirabile dictu. O'Connor: Three times she herself sang the solo with admirable effect.

Sick-room topics:Sedletzeck to Muhlenbrink, "You cant prove it, that New York is bigger than Chicago."

Muhlenbrink:—"I can't, eh? For that matter, you can't even prove that you are living. And if you can't prove that you are living, why then you can't prove what you're talking about either."

Pryor in an outburst of figurative jargon called himself a "piece of New York," thus insulting several Long Islanders stationed here.

The chief engineer has officially appointed a big soft cat as guardian of the tunnel. She makes her rounds and right angles daily and with pussy punctilio, and with sufficient inducements held out, she would consent to stand guard over the gym also.

The limit:—

Aet V, scene 2.

A (study) hall

The lights go out.

Hamlet:— So much for this.

How shall we see eachother now?

Alack, the kissing flames have sunken small
And crept like gophers in their slanting dens.

Hor:— Marry, sir, if we could but fly
And pluck the golden moon a-stooping now
And peeping through our window's topmost brow,
And bring her down upon a platter!

Ham:— For all in all methinks a proprious way
To solve this darksome spell, and cause
The light to sprinkle rays once more,
Would be to catch the city's softest cats,
Suspend them by the tails with heads most down,
So that from all their parts 'lectricity
(As it is very potent with such beasts)
Could gather in their pates, and presently
Shoot and sputter from their glistening eyes.

Hor:— O royal knavery! this is worth indeed!
Let us hence, and to our course proceed.

"Doc" enjoys the distinction of being the singing class's first graduate.

About three weeks ago the librarian of the C. L. S. received a large box labeled "Glass. Handle with Care." He carefully removed the top, and after taking out enough excelsior to fill a hay-wagon, he came to some papers. After removing these, which proved to be four hundred copies of the "Chicago American," he took up the task of loosening a large bundle of rags. How large this bundle was may be surmised when you know that the rags composing it were formerly three of Freiburger's shirts. The work of removing the afore mentioned articles occupied the librarian for four hours. After another hour of patient labor he came upon the precious article, which was found to be a quarter ounce bottle containing an unctuous liquid. On the bottle was pasted a small label, upon which the librarian with the aid of a microscope deciphered the following: "One drop of perspiration perspired by Tony Sullivan while preparing for the examination in Greek." The librarian being of a patriotic nature, instead of placing this valuable relic in the museum, sent it to the Smithsonian Institution, where it is now an object of interest to thousands, and is jealously guarded by institution's authorities.

An Ode by one of our local poets con-forty-two monosyllables in succession. Highest score ever made! On being sent to a city editor it came back with a "refrain."

The other evening, the Caecilian Dormitory Quartet had an interesting wood-sawing race.

Freiburger, the Basso, gave his three partners, Keller, Vurpillat and Bryan each a good handicap.

Keller, the first tenor, started sawing vigorously for exactly seven minutes, but he grew tired and rested for awhile. In the meantime Vurpillat, second tenor, started with his saw working smoothly; he did not hurry himself, but took it so easy that many predicted him the winner. He had been working three minutes when he was rejoined by Keller who, taking example from Vurpillat, was not so enthusiastic but stored up his strength for the home stretch. Bryan, the first basso, had only been in it for about three minutes, when he broke his saw with a loud crash. Freiburger waited the full time before he entered. Then he began with long powerful strokes, which bid fair to do more work than Keller and Vurpillat, who had now been at work fifteen minutes. Keller and Vurpillat had now worked themselves and everybody else into a frenzy.

At this period one of the "Spectators" said:—"By Golly! ain't that something awful? Say, you Scandinavian Bismarks, cut that out." This was a signal for general hostilities, and the wood-sawers were assailed on all sides. Then they had the audacity to tell the onlookers that as far as they were concerned, there had been no contest. Why? Because they never saw wood.



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